





## HOW DUNCAN CAMERON BOUGHT MAY W.

Those who know Duncan Cameron, who he kept a season in Calgary and are acquainted with the way in which he became possessed of May W., will be amused to read this story, told in the Butte Inter-Mountain:

"Hanging in a very mountainous business," said Mr. Cameron. "If it were not that it would be no racing, it's the difference of opinion that makes the horse and that is why the life of a horseman is full of such painful surprise. However, we have a good spread sometimes, and then it's our turn to laugh."

And that reminds me," continued Cameron, "of the various fortunes I had three seasons ago. I had some good horses at Saratoga, but at the beginning of the season they all got 'out.' They couldn't run a little bit. They started well, but couldn't finish one, two, three, even. They seemed to react the wire as a dead line. The result was I lost all my winnings and my horse before I had made a great success and had saved from the loss of betting a few hundred dollars."

"When it was all gone I made arrangements for the keep of my horse and started out to repair my fortunes in some other business. I reached Chicago with \$60 in my pocket, and was pretty blue. From force of habit I went to the track, expecting to watch the races and forget my troubles. I had a tight hold on the \$60."

"Just before the second race it rained and the track was sloppy. The betting was heavy, but of course I couldn't touch a pool on the favorite. I didn't. In a hurry to get out of the track, I noticed an old father, ragged and old, with a \$2 in his hand and extending a wily invitation to the attention of the bookmaker. He was a complete picture and I could not help laughing. He finally got his money and took the 'shortest' horse in the bunch. The odds were 10 to 1. I felt sorry for him and remarked:

"Old man, ain't it making a pretty big bet on that dead one?"

"No, sah," he responded blithely. "I knowed dat horse. I got them thirty, an' now I'll win."

"I walked away laughing," continued the owner of May W. "The horse was all ready to think that one horse was as good as another on such a track. For the mud was a foot deep. I wandered back to the ring. I noticed there were six horses still on the track. Mechanically almost, I bet \$10 with the first and \$100 with the second. It looked good. I still had \$10 and passed it to the first. \$10 in \$10 bets. I didn't want the bookies to think I would place a bet on such a horse. I scattered of my wealth among them impartially."

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## HOSPITAL DONATIONS

The Matron of Calgary General hospital wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following donations for month of June:

Mr. Lowry, vegetables.  
A friend, vegetables.  
Anonymous, box of cherries.  
Anonymous, box of cherries.  
A friend, pinesapples.  
Cash subscription, \$1.  
A friend, cranberries.  
A friend, cranberries.  
Anonymous, box of peaches.  
Mrs. Trule, literature.  
A friend, cake of strawberries.

## THIS CEMETERY WELL

Editor, Daily Herald:

Dear Sir: I would like to say a few words about the condition of the well and water in the cemetery. The well has been out of repair since last February and it has been brought to the notice of the chairman of the cemetery committee over and over again, and nothing has been done yet. It seems to me that there is something wrong. It is a great pity that the people who have plots at the cemetery and go to the expense to live Square Mile a day, should be troubled in a hurry to make the cemetery and trees in their plots, to beautify them, and take any interest in it. There is money put out for this purpose and we can't get this money without passing a bylaw to vote on. I say pass it at once and vote on it. There is money spent more wastefully than this. The cemetery is a place where we have plots in the cemetery that the chairman of the committee will see to it and have the well and take part in proper repair so that we can get water when we go to water our plants. Thanking you, Sir, for your valuable space.

Yours respectfully,  
JAMES DUFREN.  
Calgary, July 8, 1941.

## The Speculative Bookie, A True Fable.

There was an Enterprising young man who tried to earn an honest living by polishing the Pushers of wealthy horsemen. He was a little boy, called the Hotel Royal.

One day he was passing and attracted the attention of a horseman who was mounting the ladder of Prosperity and joyfully expected soon to find on the horse of Jim Hill and Andy Carnegie and the Also Rans among the chosen few.

He was not content to stay "With it and play his horses as providers." He was not content to stay "With it and play his horses as providers." He was not content to stay "With it and play his horses as providers."

## ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL'S FUNERAL

The funeral service of little Alexander Carmichael, who died aged 7 years and 9 months, after a few hours illness, took place yesterday. Rev. John McDougall conducted the service. A large number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael attended the service and the interment at the cemetery. The children of the Methodist Sunday school who had been Alexander's friends, had a popular little fellow—assisted at the house with Mr. Carmichael, superintendent, and were among the mourners.

The coffin was hidden beneath a white flower and was carried by the boy and his parents. The casket was of flowers were Mrs. Williams, bouquet, Mrs. and Jesse Turner, wreath. Mrs. Williams, bouquet, Mrs. and Jesse Turner, wreath. Mrs. Williams, bouquet, Mrs. and Jesse Turner, wreath.

## COACH BOY

Impressed by the fact that the coach boy, who was a few hundred dollars in an evening, was the smallest—better that is arranged on the altar of public morality.

whatever our virtues may be, Britishers generally have an instinct for punishing and all the laws ever made cannot kill it. In England, nearly every man, from the poorest to the poorest, is a horseman. And even down to the barbed wire, has an occasional or a frequent fitter on a horse race. There, too, it is the minor appreciation, who is successful. Intentionally as a concession to the self-evident cracks. And even these some cracks insure their lives—which is a cold-blooded animal, hoping to die before they pay in as much as their surviving relative will screw out of the insurance company. We are all gamblers, every one. Only some of us manage to dodge fraud and the police. Justice is blind, which accounts for the fact that the shoe shiner was hauled over the coals for gambling in a card, while a man who landed a few hundred dollars in a gamble the same day laughed in his sleeve.

## POLICE HORSES

Transferred by Mr. W. H. Irving.

## J. A. Turner, Balgownie Stud Farm, MILLARVILLE P.O.

A good stallion, four years old, bay, imported from England, Thoroughbred, registered Hackney (Canadian) Trotter, registered Hackney (Canadian) Trotter, registered Hackney (Canadian) Trotter.

## JOHN A. TURNER, Proprietor.

H. H. BIGGS, Ranch Creek, Calgary.

## SAMSON &amp; MACNAGHTEN

BREEDERS OF Short Horn Cattle

Herds of Cruickshank strain

105 Breeding Cows

Young Stock for Sale.

RANGE 8 Miles West of CALGARY.

St. George's Hotel

Olds Alberta

Newly refitted and under new management. Table first-class and bar well supplied with good liquors and cigars.

H.C. Hoffman Proprietor

Alberta Monumental Works.

South of Cushing's Factory, Calgary.

J. E. Eckersley, Proprietor.

Sole representative in Alberta for the famous firm of

F. B. GULLEY & SONS.

Monumental Sculptors, 3 Toronto.

The oldest, largest and most reliable firm in Canada for all kinds of Marble and Granite for all kinds of signs supplied on application.

S. P. FREAM Auctioneer

Sales Conducted in Town and Country for the purpose of buying, selling and leasing of Real Estate.

Range-North of Bow River and Shogholo Creek.

Will MOODIE, Millarville, Alta.

CHAS. PERREAU, West Hill, Calgary.

E. Mortimer, W. May, Calgary.

## R. DE MALHERBE

STUDS ON RANCH: Canov, imported English Thoroughbred, imported Hackney (Canadian) Trotter, registered Hackney (Canadian) Trotter, registered Hackney (Canadian) Trotter.

## W. DE VREEHUNT

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## HOW RIVER-HORSE RANCH, PROPR.

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